

THE SATURDAY

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EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

WOOING.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

Lady Maud.—Lady Maud,
You're very proudly sweet,
Lady Maud, I lay my heart,
My full heart at your feet.

Raise those white eyelids, Lady Maud,
And look me in the face,—
Nay—not so coldly, violet eyes,
Give love a little place!

Nay, be not thou so marble pale,—
Press not the rose now,
Oh, pitiful, from those sweet lips,—
But let the heart bleed play.

Love is holy, Lady Maud,
Love speaks and must be heard;
You know your heart leaps up to feel
The passion of each word.

You know your dreams are coming true,
And you must meet your doom,—
I caught the new life in your eyes,
And knew my hour had come'

I watched you musing yesterday,
Down where the pansies grow,—
A passion flower clasp'd in your hand,
At purple sunset's glow.

Here is a pansy, Lady Maud,—
Before its bloom shall fade,
Our lives, imperfect now, shall be
One perfect glory made.

Bend down that sweet face, Lady Maud,
You know my words are true,—
Will you not part those crimson lips
And bid me come to you?

I come, I come,—my Love, my Life,
And so at last we meet,—
My snow white dove,—my dainty Maud,
My Maud so quenched sweet!

Boston, March, 1860.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT
FARM," "THE ROCK," &c. &c.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A PERPLEXING LIKENESS.

There was a sound of revelry in the Red Lion inn, for a dinner of the townspeople was taking place there, to celebrate some national rejoicing. Filling the chair was Lewis Carlyon, Esq., who was a great man now, amidst his fellow townsmen. His practice had been successful; as a medical man he was much liked; and the fact of his having married an earl's daughter, of his wife being the Lady Laura Carlyon, told much with a certain class. It had brought him into contact with the county families, who, if they did not deem him to be on an equality with themselves, met him as such; for they were, most of them, in this anomalous position, that while Mr. Carlyon was beneath them, Lady Laura was above them. Mr. Carlyon lived in far superior style to Mr. Grey, or to Mr. Lyett, the latter being, we may remark, en passant, a brother of the Reverend William Lyett, whom the reader once saw by the bedside of the dead lady. The two partners were prudent men, living in sufficient style for comfort, but putting by for their children; Mr. Carlyon, on the contrary, spent the whole of his income, if not more, and he had inherited a good sum of money from his father. The public are taken with show, and, as we say, Mr. Carlyon was popular.

He sat at the head of the board, making his after-dinner speeches, and giving out his toasts as chairman; some of the county gentlemen were at the Lion that day, and both gentry and townspeople applauded him to the skies; while the crowd, gathered outside the windows to listen, caught up the echo, and were ready with their gratuitous ovations to Lewis Carlyon.

The clock was striking eleven when the chairman, flushed and heated, but not to intoxication, walked forth. Several came out with him, some to ride home miles, others to seek their proximate homes; nearly all were further gone than Mr. Carlyon, for it had been an unusually convivial meeting. They shook hands with him at the door of the Lion, a noisy farewell; and the mob of eaves-droppers, ever excited, wound up with a cheer for Mr. Carlyon by way of accompaniment.

He walked down the street towards his home, the cheer sounding in his ears. At such moments, and they were not frequent, Mr. Carlyon was apt to be lifted out of his ordinary self. Whatever cares he may have had, whatever secret source of trouble or anxiety—and whether he had any, or not, is best known to himself—were all cast to the winds; he forgot the past and the present in the future, and he gave his vague visions of hope and grandeur a specific plan.

"I am like a god to them," he complacently repeated to himself, alluding to his neighbors and townsmen, "I have done just what I intended—made myself a note of admiration among them. Any charge against me—pshaw! they'd buffet the man bringing it. Nevertheless, I shall leave you to your sorrow, my good natives of South Wenlock, for my fortunes were not made to be hid under a bushel in a pastoral country town. London is the field for me, and I shall go to it and take my degree. My reputation will follow me; I shall make use of these county aristocrats to recommend me; I shall try for her majesty's knightly sword upon my shoulder—"Rise up, Sir Lewis." I may be enrolled, in time, amidst the baronetage of the United Kingdom, and then my lady cannot carp at inequality of rank. A proud set the Chesneys and my wife the proudest. Yes, I will remove to London, and I may get on, in the very highest rank permitted to men of physie; my get on! I will get on; for Lewis Carlyon to will a thing, is to do it. Look at Stephen Grey! was there ever such luck in this world? and if he could go swimmingly on, as he has done, without influential friends to back him, what may I not look to do? I'm not sorry that luck has attended Stephen; so long as he keeps out of my path, I have no enmity to him; but I should like to wring the neck of his son. Why, who are you?"

The last question was addressed to a female, and an exceedingly broad female, who stood in the shade of Mr. Carlyon's gate, dropping curtseys, just as he was about to turn into it. "Which if it wasn't for the night, sir, you'd know me well enough," was the response—"Pepperly, at your service, sir."

"Oh, Nurse Pepperly," returned the surgeon, blandly, for somehow he always was bland to Mrs. Pepperly. "You should stand further forward, and let your good-looking face be seen."

"Well, now, you will have your joke, sir. Says I, wherever I goes 'If you want a pleasant, joking, good-hearted gentleman, as can bring you through this vale of tears and sicknesses, just you send for Doctor Carlyon.' And I'm only proud, sir, when I happens to be in conjunction with you, that's all."

"It's not a case of life and death, where you need run your legs off in a race again time," luminously proceeded Mrs. Pepperly; "whether you goes to-morrow morning or whether you goes to-morrow afternoon, it'll come to the same, sir, as may be agreeable. I've fetched out-to-night, sir, to Mrs. Knagg, Knagg's wife the broker's, and Mrs. Smith, where I was a stopping, says 'Call in at Doctor Carlyon's as you passes, and make my duty to him and say I've heard of his skill, and ask him to step in at his leisure to-morrow to prescribe for my child—which a white swelling it is in its knee, sir, and 'tether in the grave,' as may be said, for twont be long out of it; and me the last few days as I've been there, a worrying of her to let me come for Doctor Carlyon."

There were sundry embellishments in the above speech, which, in strict regard to truth, might have been omitted. Mr. Carlyon, a shrewd man, took them for as much as they were worth.

"Mrs. Smith, the cow-keeper's wife?" asked he, "what brings her child with a white swelling? It must have have come on pretty quick."

"Not her, sir; Mrs. Smith, up at Tupper's cottage in the lane. She only come fresh to the place a few days ago, and have took such a fancy to me, nothing can be like it."

"Very well, I won't forget," said Mr. Carlyon.

"It's good-night to you, sir, then, and wishing you was a coming to Mrs. Knagg's along with me; but it's Mr. Lyett; which is a nice gentleman too, and nothing to be said against."

She sailed off towards the town, and Mr. Carlyon closed his gate, and glanced up at his windows in some of which lights were burning.

"I wonder whether I shall find my lady in her tantrums to-night?" he said, half ably.

By which expression the reader may infer that the most perfect harmony did not now exist between Mr. and Lady Laura Carlyon. Laura had been disenchanted; she had loved her husband passionately; but, as the years went on, she had grown awake to his defects. Mr. Carlyon had also loved her, but it is in man's nature to be fickle, and it is in man's nature to incline to their social duties, to their higher duty to God, repress their evil inclinations and subdue them; others do not, and do not care to; and of this latter class was Mr. Carlyon. Certain escapades, touching his moral character, got whispered about, and they reached the ears of Lady Laura. The town professed to disbelieve them, Lady Laura did not; she contrived to acquire pretty good proof of their truth, and they turned her love for her husband into something very like hatred. Since then, she had been unequal in her temperament; the first burst of the storm over, she had subsided into an indifferent sort of civility, which was occasionally interrupted by moods of fretfulness and anger, that Mr. Carlyon was apt to denominate "tantrums." No open rupture had taken place, to cause scandal, and before the world they were perfectly cordial with each other; perhaps in time, if he gave

her no fresh cause of grievance, Lady Laura might be induced to forgive, if not to forget. One child, born eighteen months after their marriage, had died; it was Lady Laura's first and last.

the following day, Mr. Carlyon proceeded to keep the appointment at Mrs. Smith's. He called in about eleven o'clock, after he had visited his patients on the rise. He went straight into the cottage without knocking, and there happened to be nobody in the room but the child, who was seated in a little chair, with some toys on his lap, soldiers, whom he was placing in martial array.

"Are you the little fellow?"

So far spoke Mr. Carlyon, and there he stopped dead. He had cast his eyes, wondering eyes just then, on the boy's face, and apparently was confounded, or staggered, or something, by what he saw. Did he trace any likeness, as Judith had done? Certain it is, that he stared at the child, in undisguised astonishment, and only seemed to recover self-possession when he saw they were not alone, for Mrs. Smith was peeping in from the staircase door.

"I thought I heard a strange voice," quoth she. "Perhaps you are the doctor, who was to call?"

"I am," replied Mr. Carlyon. "Who is this child?"

"He's mine." As she spoke, he eyed her almost as keenly as he had done the child. The woman marked it. "Were you struck by his sickly appearance, that you were looking at him so attentively?" she inquired. "He does look sickly, I'm afraid."

"No—no," returned Mr. Carlyon, half abstractedly; "he put me in mind of some one that was all. What is his name?"

"Smith."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well," returned the woman, who had a blunt, abrupt way of speaking, more the result of natural manner than of intended iniquity, "I don't see what that has to do with it, or what it is to anybody in this place, which is strange to me, and I to it. But if it's necessary to his case to know it, he comes from Scotland, where he has lived all his life!"

"Was he born there?" asked Mr. Carlyon, his gaze still riveted on the boy.

"Whether he was born there, or whether he was born in New Zealand, don't matter to the present question," returned the woman, irascibly: "my business is my own, and nobody else's. If you don't like to treat him, sir, till you know the top and tail of everything, there's no harm done, and I'll send for Mr. Grey."

Mr. Carlyon laughed and smoothed away her irritability.

"It guides us very much sometimes to hear what sort of a climate our patients have been living in, and whether they were born in it; and our inquiries are not usually attributed to idle curiosity. But come, let me see his knee."

She undid the wrappings, and Mr. Carlyon stooped down, but still he could not keep his eyes from the boy's face. And yet there was nothing out of common in the face, unless it was the eyes: thin, pale, quiet features, with dark hair curling over them, were illumined by a pair of large, rich, soft, brown eyes, beautiful to look at.

"Do I pain you, my little man?" said Mr. Carlyon, as he touched the knee.

"No, sir. This soldier won't stand," he added, holding one out to Mr. Carlyon, with the freedom of childhood.

"Won't it? Let me see what's the matter. The foot wants cutting level. There," he continued, after shaving it with his penknife, "it will stand now."

The boy was enraptured; it had been a de-faulting soldier, given to tumble-down, from the commencement; and the extraordinary delight that suddenly beamed forth from his eyes, sent a thrill through the senses of the surgeon. But for the woman over looking him, he could have bent his searching gaze into those eyes for the next half-hour, and never removed it.

"He seems a quiet little fellow."

"Indeed then, he was a regular little tartar till this illness came on," was Mrs. Smith's reply, "a great deal too fond of showing that he had a will of his own. This has brought his spirit down. Could you form any idea, sir, what could have brought it on? I'm certain that he never had a fall or any other hurt."

"It is a disease that arises from weakness of constitution, as well as from injury," replied Mr. Carlyon. "Do you purpose residing permanently at South Wenlock?"

"That's how I may feel inclined," was the reply. "I'm not tied to any spot."

Mr. Carlyon, after a few professional directions, took his departure. As he turned from the lane into the high road, so absorbed was he in thought that he did not notice the swift passing of Mr. John Grey in his gig, until the latter called out to him. The groom had pulled up by direction of his master. It may be remarked that the two surgeons were on terms of acquaintance and sometimes met professionally, but the perusal (to call it by a name it meriteth,) formerly offered to his brother Stephen, prevented Mr. Grey from ever regarding him with cordiality.

"Mr. Lyett with Knagg's wife," began Mr. Grey, as the other approached him, "and, by what he says, it appears to me a case not un-



EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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"I repeat that I cannot trace any resemblance to Clarke. I do trace a great resemblance to some one else, but not in the eyes; and it is not so striking now he is awake, as it was when he was asleep."

"It is very strange!" cried Lady Jane.

"What is strange?"

"It is all strange. The likeness to Clarke is strange, your not seeing the likeness is strange, and your detecting one to somebody else is strange, as you say you do, and your declining to mention to whom, is strange. Is it to any of our family, Laura?"

"The Chesneys?" Oh, no, Jane, you spoke just now of Clarke in the past tense. "Her eyes and Lucy's were counterparts;" it is as though you think she is no longer living."

"What else am I to think?" returned Lady Jane. "All those years, and no trace of her. My father on his death-bed left the keeping of her out to me, but I have no clue to go upon, and can do nothing, and hear nothing."

"If you feel so sure of her death you had better take the three thousand pounds to yourself," spoke Laura, with a touch of acerbity, for the having been disinherited was a sore point with her still.

"No," quietly returned Jane, "I shall never appropriate that money to myself. Until we shall be assured, beyond doubt, of Clarke's death—if she be dead—the money will remain out at interest, and then—"

"What then?" asked Laura, for her sister had stopped.

"We shall see when that time comes," was the somewhat evasive remark of Lady Jane, "but for myself I shall touch none of it, I have plenty, as it is."

Now the reader need not be astonished at this discrepancy in the vision of the sisters. It is well known that where one person will detect a likeness, another cannot see it. "How greatly that child resembles her father!" will be heard from one; "Nay," spoken up another,

"how much she resembles her mother!" Some people detect the likeness that exists in form, others that which exists in expression. Some persons will be struck with the wonderful resemblance to each other between the members of a family, even before knowing that they are related; others cannot see or trace it. The reader must have remarked this in his own experience.

And thus it was with the ladies Chesney; the one could not see with the eyes of the other. But it was something remarkable that both should have detected a resemblance in this strange child, and not to the same person.

When Lady Laura reached home the dinner was waiting, and she made but a slight alteration in her dress. In the few minutes it occupied, her maid thought her petulant, but that was nothing new. She descended to the drawing-room, and rang the bell.

"Where's Mr. Carlyon?"

"Not in, my lady."

"Serve the dinner."

In point of fact that gentleman was then on his way home from Mrs. Knagg's. Had his wife been aware of it she might possibly have waited; but Mr. Carlyon's professional occupations rendered him somewhat irregular. She was seated at table when he entered.

"Have you begun?" Oh, that's all right; I might have been detained longer."

Laura made no reply, and Mr. Carlyon took his seat. She motioned to one of the servants to move the fish towards his master, who was the usual carver. For some minutes Mr. Carlyon played with his dinner, played with it; did not eat it, and then he sent away his plate nearly untouched—and that he appeared to do throughout the meal. Laura observed it, but said nothing; she appeared to be, as the servants expressed it amidst themselves, "put out," and when she did speak, it was only in monosyllables or abrupt sentences. "Are you going out this evening, Laura?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"No."

"I thought you were engaged to the New-berry's."

"I am not going."

He ceased, he sat as well as the servants that his lady was out of sorts. She never spoke another word until the cloth was drawn, the dessert on the table, and the servants gone. Mr. Carlyon poured out two glasses of wine and handed one to Lady Laura. She did not thank him, and did not take the glass.

"Shall I give you some grapes, my love?"

"Your love!" she burst forth, with scornful mocking emphasis, "how dare you insult me by calling me 'your love'! Go to your other loves, Mr. Carlyon, and leave me; it is time you did."

He looked up, perfectly astonished at the outbreak, for so far as he knew, there was nothing just then in himself to excite his wife's ire.

"Laura! What is the matter?"

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE GREAT COMET COMING—MR. COBBEN'S LANGUAGE—A FAMOUS DIALOGUE—AN AWKWARD PRECIPITATION—AN ACTOR'S WOUNDED ARM—AN OLD VET—THREE SABBATHS—AN UGLY QUEEN—MR. SPURGEON AGAIN.

PARIS, Feb. 16, 1860.
Mr. Editor of the Post:

After a week of such weather as tempts ill-winds and violets to their ruin the odious Frost-selves are down upon us again; and should the present temperature continue, I shall have, in my next, which Heaven foreordains, to chronicle the conversion of the "swifly-flowing Seine" into a solid highway. It appears that we are again to be favored with the visit of one of those mysterious, long-tailed celestial travellers, whose proximity is popularly believed to exercise so powerful an influence on weather, harvests, and empires; Herr Bonie, a Dutch astronomer, having just come out with a pamphlet announcing that the famous comet of Charles V., which was seen in 1558, will appear in the month of August next.

Whether the formidable visitor will announce peace or war, is a question to which any political prophet careful of his reputation would do well not to attempt any categorical reply. From Italy, Vienna, and the barracks of France come rumors of military preparation and approaching struggle; but it is not easy for the public, though alarmed at these rumors, to see from what quarter the danger can really come. Austria is bankrupt. Naples and Spain have their hands full, the Pope has at command a more extensive ecclesiastical than military armory; neither Prussia nor Russia are likely to make war for an idea; and France says she is reducing her armaments, and drawing closer her alliance with England. Who, then, is to begin the war we are so confidently promised for the "Spring?" "The war," say the croakers, "will be brought about, really, if not ostensibly, by France and Piedmont." France wants Savoy, which Piedmont is only to give up on receiving Venetia; and France also wants the Rhine. Austria will employ the 400 millions to be paid her by Piedmont on Lombardy, in the purchase of military stores; and Prussia will join her to defend her own frontiers. The role of Russia is not set forth by these prophets of evil with any certainty; the northern Colossus, though desirous to see the principle of legitimacy fortified against the doctrine of popular and national rights, being supposed to cherish a grudge of about equal intensity against Austria, France, and England. As to France, nothing her Emperor can say or do is regarded as susceptible of being received without suspicion; and if that problematical potentate appears just now to manifest a more decided leaning toward England, it is interpreted by the alarmists as indicating a merely temporary modification of his policy, to suit the emergency of the hour, but as in no wise indicating any abandonment of "the traditional hatred" which is assumed to be only awaiting the right moment to throw off the cloak of friendship, and to "avenge Waterloo."

The real feelings and intentions of the French Emperor are certainly the most difficult enigma of the day. If he be the honest, straightforward ally of England, and friend of peace that his admirers declare him to be, and that he is certainly believed to be by all who approach him personally, why this general feeling of mistrust with regard to a matter which ought to be patent to all? If, on the other hand, the Emperor be the deceitful plotter the alarmists imagine him to be, how is it that he manages to impress those who see him personally with an entire conviction of his honesty and sincerity? That he does so impress those who are admitted to his presence is certain; and the veteran free-trader who has had so important a share in the new commercial treaty between France and England has but followed, in this respect, in the footsteps of most of those who have preceded him into the Imperial presence. No one, among the warmest adherents of the present regime, is at this moment more completely and thoroughly convinced of the Emperor's entire and perfect sincerity, of his desire for peace, his affection for England, and his enlightened comprehension of the requirements of the times, than is Richard Cobden, compelled though he be to repeat the Emperor's home policy as defective, or, at best, as only to be justified as a temporary necessity imposed on him by the peculiarities of the moment. The famous conversation between a Frenchman and an Englishman, as reported some few weeks since in the *Times*, though something like one of the long "talks" Mr. Cobden had with the Emperor, was really a dialogue got up between his Majesty and his confidential secretary, the Monsieur Moquard, whose name has gone forth so widely appended to the reply despatched from the Emperor's cabinet to the four wise men of Liverpool, whose after-dinner epistle to that sovereign brought down such a fire of quizzing on their devoted heads. One day, when the Emperor and Mr. Cobden had been closeted together for four consecutive hours, the Emperor, after his visitor's departure, opened the door of his cabinet, and calling to his secretary, desired him to come into his room.

"Sit you down in that chair, Moquard," said his Majesty, pointing to the seat just vacated by Mr. Cobden, "and let us see how we should manage to reply to all the hard things the English people are constantly throwing up against me. I am the Frenchman, *bon enfant*; you are the Englishman; so make the most of your case; and now, begin!"

The dialogue now went forward briskly; M. Moquard taking up one after the other, the main points at which the English people have taken umbrage since the proclamation of the Anglo-French alliance; the Emperor replying to each objection urged by his interlocutor, laughing heartily whenever he thought he had made a particularly happy reply, and greatly enjoying the joke. The dialogue was committed to writing at the Emperor's desire, and sent to the *Times*; his Majesty, next day, telling Mr. Cobden with great glee of what he had done, and recapitulating the

principal hits of the dialogue. Such, as I learn from the best possible authority, was the origin of the conversation which, from the columns of the Leviathan of the press, has been spread, and commented upon, over all Europe. When Mr. Cobden came to Paris, he brought no less than thirty tons of luggage, containing samples of every kind of English produce; hardware, cloths, silks, linens, lace, woven goods, glass, crockery, carpets; everything, in short, that English hands and English machinery can make. This enormous mass of specimens was conveyed directly to the Tuilleries, and carefully arranged in methodical order; a corresponding collection of samples of French manufactures had been previously made by the Emperor's orders, and the two were so distributed as that the French and English samples of each product could be easily compared. Mr. Cobden went through the entire mass of the English goods, with the Emperor, pointing out the particular qualities of each article, and giving him Imperial questioner the most minute information with regard to the fabrication, cost, and selling price of each; recounting also the difficulties which beset the path of the earliest free-traders, and supplying him with facts and figures showing what results have followed the abolition of prohibitive and protective tariffs in England. Nor was it only with the Emperor that Mr. Cobden's experience was in request. The few enlightened French economists, Michel Chevalier, Dolfus, Arles-Dufour, and others, were in constant communication with him, discussing the proposed changes, and procuring from him the statistics of English commerce most proper to serve as reply to the objections of the Protectionists. The latter, who came up from the provinces in mass, in order to remonstrate with the Ministers, and to request audiences of the Emperor with a view to convincing him of the ruin he was bringing upon the country, flocked, all day long, to Mr. Cobden's residence in the Rue de Berri. What with the Emperor, the Minister, Free-trade supporters, and Protectionist opponents, Mr. Cobden's days were spent in almost incessant talking; and it was not surprising that his throat, already affected by bronchitis, should have suffered severely from such constant fatigue. Mr. Cobden is now at Cannes, where milder air and comparative quiet will, it is hoped, conduce to the recovery of his health, and enable him to resume his place in Parliament at no very distant date.

M. de Lesseps, the advocate of the Suez Canal here at present. He is a tall, thin man, no longer young, with a long and anxious-looking face, who, it is said, finds the position he has assumed in the eyes of Europe to be rather too much for him. As long as the opposition of England (grounded on the authorization to raise and maintain fortresses on the banks of the canal, demanded by the French company,) enabled the abettors of the scheme to declaim against the "traditional selfishness of perfidious Albion," to present themselves to the rest of Europe as victims of a persecution directed against the grandest of "ideas," and thus to enlist the angry sympathy of their own people, Mr. Lesseps in the glory of his position as the head of a scheme that was to divert the commercial supremacy of London to Marseilles, and give the signal of England's downfall. But since England has notified the French Government, that the question of raising fortresses in Egypt being waived by France, she will no longer oppose the project, the zeal of his supporters has suddenly collapsed; and it being now distinctly understood that the "traditional selfishness of perfidious Albion," to present themselves to the rest of Europe as victims of a persecution directed against the grandest of "ideas," and thus to enlist the angry sympathy of their own people, Mr. Lesseps in the glory of his position as the head of a scheme that was to divert the commercial supremacy of London to Marseilles, and give the signal of England's downfall.

My informant, one of the most kindly and reliable men in the world, was one of the group of astonished hearers to whom this elegant adjuration was addressed; he declares that the words just given were exactly and *verbatim* the ones used by Mr. Spurgeon, with the exception, perhaps, of the "*Jingo*," which he says may possibly have been "*Jove*," as the reverend gentleman spoke with an excitement and rapidity which did not add to the clearness of his delivery. But that it was "*Jove*" or "*Jingo*" he persistently affirms; and the little address may be safely regarded, in either case, as a choice sample of the unworthy zeal and peculiar eloquence which has made Mr. Spurgeon the favorite apostle of so large a number of the unwashed of London.

I may also add that the gentleman who sat in the pulpit with Mr. Spurgeon, on that occasion, was not the Rev. Dr. Prentiss, the pastor of the chapel; also that Mr. Spurgeon, when preaching two days afterwards, in the chapel of the Reformed Church, whose tenets verge somewhat towards Unitarianism, after a fervent appeal to people of *all* sects to forgive their differences, and unite in Charity and Love, wound up his discourse with a most furious attack upon Unitarianism, declaring that those who held its doctrines were beyond the pale of mercy or forgiveness, and that the very title of Christians ought to be denied to them. Anything more illogical than such a conclusion to such an appeal it would surely be difficult to imagine; while the want of taste exhibited in such an onslaught on the very congregation who had offered him their pulpit, and whose hospitality he had accepted, will be admitted by persons of the most orthodox opinions.

QUANTUM.

PROBABLY TRUE DERIVATION OF THE WORD HONOR.—Among the many issues of base coin which from time to time were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by Jim H., at the Dublin Mint. It was composed of anything on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper, and brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that twenty shillings of it was only worth two pence sterling. William III., a few days after the battle of the Boyne, ordered that the crown piece and half-crown should be taken as one penny and one half-penny, respectively. The soft mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed was known among the Irish as *Uim bog*, pronounced *Oom bog*, i.e. soft copper, i.e. worthless money; and in the course of their dealing the modern use of the word *bogus* took its rise, as in the phrase, "That's a *piece of bogus*." "Don't think to pass off your *womby* on me!" Hence the word *bogus* came to be applied to anything that had a specious appearance, but which was in reality spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of *bogus*, i.e. false metal, is the word *sterling*, which is also taken from a term applied to the true coinage of Great Britain, as *sterling coin*, *sterling worth*, &c.

GIVE TO A GRIEF A LITTLE TIME, AND IT SOFTENS TO A REGRET, AND GROWS BEAUTIFUL, AT LAST, AND WE CHERISH IT AS WE DO SOME OLD, DIME PICTURE OF THE DEAD.—B. F. Taylor.

MORE OF BERKELEY.

We continue our extracts from Hon. Grant F. Berkley's amusing "Journey to America."

AMERICAN LADIES WEAR THEIR CRINOLINES WHOSE SIDE BEFORE.—A very few days gave me a pretty good insight into most of the manners and customs of New York; and among some of the things that struck me as extremely odd was the fashion among the ladies of wearing hoops and crinolines! I saw New York for the first time, as it is observed, at a period (September) when the ladies of fashion or in the best society were out of town. When first I walked into the Broadway at the fashionable hour I had a strange sensation as if my head was turned, and had I had an appendage, like the sailor in the song, "I should have chewed my pigtail till I died;" or as if, through some anatomical freak of nature, women's waists, bust, and head, in the United States, had been set on the wrong way, and that "bustles" instead of their "stomachers," been on before; or that they looked over their heels instead of over their toes to see if an admirer approached them at unawares. In a short time I recovered from my perplexity on finding that the mistake originated from the fullness of the dress being made to stick out to the front of the figure instead of behind, and that it was this strange method of personal decoration that induced the supposition that women in the United States were perpetually "hind before." Some of the ladies I saw were very pretty, and there were some dangerous "twin invaders of domestic peace" in the shape of feet and legs (I have a strong suspicion that female America is famous for them) that made me mentally draw comparisons. But, England, dear old England! is not jealous; for, by all that a soldier and gentleman holds dear in leg and foot, you were not outdone, and in teeth, speaking collectively or nationally in that particular, you stand unrivaled.

AMERICAN RAILWAY CARRIAGES—NEW VEHICLES.—At Altoona, (Penn.) I had time to consider the boasted comforts of the American railway. Some of my friends on board the Africa, in the voyage across the Atlantic, had assured me of its infinite superiority to the English lines thus:

"Yes, sir; you should see our railway carriages. Guess you'll be surprised! None of my little carriages, shut up, but each car like a great long passage; a path up the middle; yes, sir; and seats each side, with a door at each end. Yes, sir; at night—yes, sir—fine beds, as comfortable—sleep all the way; and if there are three cars, can walk out of one into the other, and do as you like; yes, sir."

"Oh! after I had experienced the travel of these boasted trains, how I longed for the cleanliness and privacy, and civility and choice of society on the railways of old England. The American trains are filthy, their floors not only moist enough to wet through a moderately thick boot with the saliva and tobacco juice from a hundred diseased teeth and stomachs, but the door at either end permits such a thorough draft right through, and the citizens of the United States have such a perpetual desire to open and shut them, that any man used to comfort is sure to catch the寒. And, oh! as to the state of the ladies' dresses! The hem of those beautiful white garments, that ought to be so snowy as to invite the lips of man, are stained three inches high with the filthy tobacco juice, which it is impossible for them to escape."

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.—In this great world of sunshine and shadow, we are constantly casting shadows on those around us, and receiving shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometimes in the shade, and there is no one who walks over these paths, it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadow with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or careless act, cast a shadow on some heart which is longing for sunlight. How often does the husband, by a cold greeting, cast a gloom over the happy, trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has awaited anxiously for the first sound of his footsteps to give a joyous welcome to his home. How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof chilled the ever flowing spring of confidence and love which is bubbling up from the fountain of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee. How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging grasp of the souls of those worn out by poverty and the never ending conflict of life, by the stinging ridicule or the sordid avarice of those whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor. How often does the child—often after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty, bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows we cast—can we escape them? Can we look back as we walk on life's journey, and see no shadow marks about our footprints?

FENCE IN KANSAS.—A letter was received at the Metal Warehouse of Thomas S. Dickerson, No. 45 Watrous Avenue, to the following effect:

DEAR SIR—Send me your terms for fence wire. I am thinking of fencing in Kansas.

Yours, &c.

The book-keeper into whose hands the letter fell, started at the proposed territorial movement, fell into a brown study, and made a series of calculations, and relying upon the resources of the house in the line indicated, replied as follows:

DEAR SIR—Have computed the best authori-

tion, and made an approximate calculation of the amount of wire it will require to "fence in" Kansas. We find that we have just enough if you order at once.

Yours, &c.

An English paper announcing that East Winchelsea is about to improve upon the "Book of Job" by putting it into English verse, fears its readers will have to put into practice much of the patience illustrated by the long suffering philosopher of the East.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial,

must of course individually refer to as my narrative proceeds, and I trust with justice; it is at present enough to assure my readers that I have a deep debt of obligation to all my transatlantic friends.

BATHING—GYMNASI-

Dr. Mayo G. Smith, of Newburyport, whose exploits in winter bathing we chronicled the other day, communicates some interesting facts to the Newburyport Herald, in relation to his experience, and the benefit of bathing. He says:

"I have bathed, by sponge, or shower, or plunge, for these twenty years—for nine years last past in the river or open sea. At the utility of bathing I will cite a few facts. While a student for some years at Oberlin College, and surrounded by hundreds of young men, I found those who bathed regularly enjoyed better health than those who did not. I was for some years at the Graham House, in New York. A portion of the boarders bathed, and among others, Hon. Horace Greeley, who on one occasion observed to me, that those who reduced bathing to a system rarely suffered from colds or other sickness, the cold water and good habits of those who bathe on principle, keeping them well. As a laborer at the missionary grounds, the 'Five Points,' and officiating as chaplain in one of the hospitals, I have waited on the sick and those dying of almost every disease, but suffered no injury. Thrice have I served as surgeon of ships with an aggregate of six hundred souls, with cholera, ship and shore patients on board, and once as master, with my first and second officers both ill at the same time, one with small pox, but never have I seen those who systematically bathed suffer from disease.

"This is the fourth winter I have bathed in the river or sea since my return to the United States. I have run five miles, divested myself of clothing, dashed into the river, swam amid the ice cakes, then dressed, and ran two miles home. I have dived into the stream from the end of a pier seven or fifteen feet into the channel, whose rapid current and tidal motion ordinarily prevented freezing—or if frozen, I have cut the ice, and at no time this or the preceding winter have I been sheltered by house or shed, but after bath, such is the warmth that summer clothing would suffice for covering. The coldest morning it was 15 degrees below zero, or 47 below the freezing point. I usually run a couple of miles, use flesh brush and towels, sometimes stand in the snow, frequently dry myself in snow storms and cold North East winds. I take for beverage no coffee, tea or spirituous drinks; nor do I use tobacco. I never feel cold after leaving the water; never suffer from cold; never have caught a cold; I never have had disease of any kind; no aches; no pains. My bathing time is by or before sunrise.

"Cold baths should not be used at all times. I know of but one rule for guidance. Should reaction occur after bathing, it is a safe practice—not otherwise. No man can judge for another—every one may for himself. If, immediately after the shock, plunge or shower, a warm glow is diffused over the body, it is beneficial. Again, never bathe when fatigued. Exercise or circulate the blood by friction. Never feel timid if there is reaction.

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SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

Beneath a dark November sky,
With the cold rain falling drearily,
And the bleak wind moaning and shrieking by.
The snow o'er the land is cast,
And in grave-like furrows the grain doth lie,
Till the weary months are past.

In curling mist, and frosty air,
And weeping skies, it lieth there;
Or buried in the snow, or here
To every wind that blows,
And Night's deep darkness like despair,
Hangs o'er it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast,
And sultry rain descending fast,
And snow wreaths thickly o'er it cast,
And thunderous, darkening skies;
The tempests roaring past
Strengthens it as it lies.

Anew a kindlier season comes,
And warmth and light, the spring's soft signs,
With many a beauteous bloom it swells—
The breast of icy Earth—
And the grain, in delicate emerald lines,
Springs up, a faery birth.

The sunny months, in swift career,
Bring up the lily ripened ear;
And the golden harvest time draws near,
And the reaper whets his scythe
Till, on a day, the rich sheaves rear
Their shapes on the landscape blithe.

Sown in the cold, dark, desolate days;
Reaped in the sunshine's yellow glow;
Thus in the dim and wondrous ways
Of Fate are the deeds of men;
Sorrow and trial, defeats and delays,
Like storms that scatter the grain.

Must test the heart's aspiring claim,
But every just and noble sin
Shall pass the ordeal clear of blame.
And in the appointed hour
Bring forth its fruit of wealth or fame,
Of knowledge, wisdom, power.

Sow, though in days of gloom, the seeds
Of manly toil and generous deeds,
Of stern self-sacrifice that feeds
Little the world's behalf;
Cast out the lying thought that pleads
Enough, now take thy rest.

In the winds of Sown, the storms of Hate,
In the darkness of hope deferred fall late,
Through days when the world shows desolate.
Must sleep the good deeds thou hast done,
Faithfully labor, patiently wait,
Thy work shall see the sun.

That which was sown in the wintry air,
Shall blossom and ripe when skies are fair
Though thine should be many an anxious care
Are the harvests gathered in—
Be stout to toil, and steady to bear—
The heart that is true shall win.

E. C. B.

CORSICAN HONOR.

A TRUE STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETRIBUTION.

On leaving Porto Vecchio for the interior of the island of Corsica, a rapid rising in the ground is perceptible, and the traveler, after a journey of three hours by the most tortuous paths, obstructed by huge rocks, and sometimes crossed by steep and dangerous ravines, finds himself upon the borders of a vast *savane*.

This is the country of the half savage Corsican shepherds, and a place of refuge for those who have had the misfortune to embroil themselves with the law.

The Corsican peasant, having a rooted antipathy to labor of any kind, has hit upon a plan to spare himself the trouble of manuring the field, or fields he may own. This plan is a very simple one, and worthy its unscrupulous originator. He sets fire to a certain extent of wood, and should the flames travel further than intended, so much the worse for those who come in their way. The end desired being accomplished, what other care has our friend? He is sure to gather a rich harvest from the soil, fertilized by the ashes of the trees that so lately had drawn their nourishment from its bosom. The roots of these trees protected by the earth, have escaped the fire, and soon show signs of life, throwing out shoots, that in a few years form a dense thicket seven or eight feet high. It is this mass of vigorous and tangled vegetation in which different species of trees and shrubs are mingled and confounded, that has received the name of *savane*. Through this verdant wall the axe alone can hew a passage, where even the wild animals of the country fail to penetrate.

Should you have killed a man—and, if you are a Corsican, the chance is by no means a remote one—make the best of your way at once to the ways of the Porto Vecchio. With a good gun and plenty of ammunition you may there live in security—taking care not to forget a large brown mantle furnished with a capote, or hood, which serves alike for bed and covering. The shepherds will sell you milk and cheese, and you will have nothing to fear from the pursuit of justice or the relatives of the dead, excepting when obliged to descend into the town to renew your supply of ammunition.

Mateo Falconi, when I was in Corsica in 18—, had his home some half a league from this *savane*. He was a man who might be accounted rich for that country, living like a nobleman—that is, doing nothing but deriving his means from the produce of his flocks, which were driven hither and thither by their shepherds, whenever good mountain pasture could be found. Figure to yourself a man small in stature, but of great strength, hair in crisp coils as black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, and large piercing eyes. As a marksman his skill was regarded as extraordinary, even in a country where one may be said to be almost born with the finger on a trigger. It is no wonder then, that this reputation caused him to be considered as dangerous as an enemy.

As he was known to be a firm and faithful friend. It is true he now lived in peace with all the world in the district of Porto Vecchio, but it was related of him, that at Corte, from which place he had taken a wife, he had without scruple, put a rival out of the way, who had passed for one as redoubtable in war as in love. At least, rumors attributed to Mateo a certain musket shot that had struck his rival while that unlucky person was quietly shaving before a little mirror suspended against his window. In Corsica such affairs are of too common an occurrence to excite more than a passing attention, and Mateo, freed from an irritating rivalry, married the young woman upon whom he had cast the eyes of preference.

Omisse Falconi presented her husband in due time with three daughters—a proceeding which greatly enraged him, the softer sex occupying by no means the first place in Corsican estimation; but Omisse made matters right again by giving birth, to a fine boy, whom his father named Fortunato, and looked upon as the hope of the family, and inheritor of its time-honored name. The daughters were all well married, and their father could, in case of need, count upon the poniard and carbines of his sons-in-law. Fortunato, at the period of the event I am about to describe, had only attained his tenth year, but had already given indications of more than ordinary promise.

On a certain day in autumn, Mateo, accompanied by his wife, left his house to visit one of his flocks, feeding in a glade of the *savane*. The little Fortunato begged to accompany them, but the feeding ground was too distant—besides, some must remain behind to take care of the house. Mateo therefore refused his son's request, a refusal which, as we shall soon see, had terrible cause to repent.

Mateo and his wife had been absent some hours, and Fortunato lay tranquilly stretched upon the ground, basking like a little brown lizard in the sun. He was meditating upon a promised treat in store for him on the coming Sunday, when he was to pay a visit to the distant town and dine with his uncle, the magistrate; his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp report of a gun. He sprang to his feet, and turned towards that side of the plain from whence the sound had proceeded. Shots were now fired at unequal intervals, but each report approached nearer and nearer to where the boy was standing. At last, in the narrow path that led from the plain to the house of Mateo, there appeared a man, wearing the pointed cap of the mountaineer; his clothes were tattered, and he leaned for support upon his gun, as he dragged himself painfully along. He had received a musket-ball in the thigh, from which wound the blood was slowly trickling.

This man had been proscribed by the law, and having descended into the town during the night to purchase some ammunition, had, on his way back to the mountains, fallen into an ambuscade of Corsican Voltigeurs. After a vigorous defense he had succeeded in making his retreat, though hotly pursued and fired at from rock to rock. But the soldiers were rapidly gaining upon him, and any attempt to reach the *savane* before being overtaken or shot down by his pursuers, was now rendered hopeless by the severity of his wound.

With an effort, he approached Fortunato, and said—

"Thou art the son of Mateo Falconi?"

"I am Gianetto Sampiero, pursued by the yellow collar. Quick! conceal me somewhere, for I can go no farther."

"What will my father say should I hide you without his permission?" asked the child.

"He will say you have done well."

"How do I know that?"

"Quick! quick! I tell you the blood bounds are hand!"

The boy never moved an inch.

"Wait till my father returns, and then—"

"Wait!" cried the outlaw. "Malediction! Boy, do I not tell you they will be here in five minutes. Hide me! or—" and he grasped his gun. "I will kill you where you stand!"

Fortunato laughed, and answered with the greatest sang-froid.

"Your gun is already discharged, and you haven't another cartridge in your pouch."

The man cast a look of mingled rage and admiration at the child.

"I have my stiletto," he said.

"Bah! you must then run as quick as I can, but have to give a leap, and I am out of your reach."

"Who!" said the outlaw contemptuously, "you are no son of Mateo Falconi, for were you of Mateo's blood, you would die rather than let me be arrested before the very door of his house."

The child appeared touched, he reflected for a moment, then glanced up sharply into the other's face.

"What will you give me if I hide you?" A safe place is worth paying for."

The man thrust his hand into a leather pocket suspended from his girdle, and drew forth a fine franc piece, that he no doubt had reserved to buy powder.

Fortunato's face brightened at the sight of the silver, and as the outlaw tossed it towards him, caught it before it fell to the ground.

"Fear nothing," he said, "I will do the rest."

And running towards a heap of hay placed near the house, he pulled out a quantity, and motioned to Gianetto to place himself in the cavity thus made. The outlaw was not slow in obeying these directions, and the child heaved the hay over him in such a manner, that though it admitted air enough to enable him to breathe, it was next to impossible to suspect concealed a human being. In addition to this careful arrangement, Fortunato, with the quick sagacity of a young savage, bethought him of the cat, that with her newly arrived family of kittens, was slumbering on the threshold. He accordingly made them a comfortable bed upon the heap of hay as proof positive that it had not been disturbed for some time. Then remarking the traces of blood upon the path near the house, he carefully covered each spot with dust; having done this, with the greatest tranquillity he laid himself down in the sunshine, regarding as before with half-shut sleepy eyes, the blue mountains in the distance.

It was time, for but a few minutes had elapsed, when six men, in brown uniforms with yellow collars, and commanded by an Adjutant, came rapidly up the path, and halted before the house of Mateo. This Adjutant was in some way a relation of Falconi's (for in Corsica as in Scotland, the degrees of relationship are carried much further than elsewhere.) His name was Tidoro Gamba, and his restless activity had rendered him much feared by the outlaws, many of whom he had already tracked and captured in their haunts.

"Ah! a good day to you, my little cousin," said the Adjutant to Fortunato, who had lazily lifted his head some few inches from the ground to glance at the new comers; "how you have grown since I saw you last. Did you see a man pass this way just now?"

"Oh! but I'm not yet so big as you are, cousin," replied the child, his countenance assuming an air of the most *naïf* innocence.

"All in good time. But tell me, have you seen a man pass by here?"

"Have I seen a man pass?"

"Yes, yes. A man wearing a pointed cap of goat skin, and a vest embroidered with red and yellow?"

The boy sat up, and seemed endeavoring to recall something to his recollection, repeating—

"A man in a pointed cap, and his vest embroidered with red and yellow."

"Yes—answer them, and leave off repeating my questions."

The boy clapped his hands, as though having searched his memory, he had at length found what he sought.

"This morning, a man passed sure enough."

"Good!" said the Adjutant, "we have got the right pig by the ear at last."

"But it was only Monsieur le Curé upon his horse Piero. He stopped to ask me after the health of papa, and I told him that—"

"Ah! little rascal!" cried the Adjutant, with a gesture of impatience, "you would play with me, would you? Answer me at once—which path did Gianetto take, for it is him we seek, and I am certain he passed this house."

"Who knows?" said the child, quietly.

"Who knows! I know that you saw him, cunning little fox that you are."

"Is it possible, then, to see when you are asleep?"

"You could not have slept; the reports of our guns must have awokened you."

The child shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you think, cousin, that your muskets make so much noise?" My father's carbine makes twice as much."

"Confound the little rascal!" muttered the enraged Adjutant. "I am certain he has seen Gianetto, and who knows, perhaps concealed him. Come, comrades!" he said, "into the house with you, and see if our man is not somewhere there. He had only one leg to walk with, and has too much sense, the scoundrel, to try to reach the *savane* by hopping. Besides, the track of blood stops here."

"And what will my father say, think you?" demanded Fortunato, laughing till his white teeth gleamed again, "when I tell him who has entered his house in his absence?"

"Rogue!" said Gamba, at the same time seizing the child by the ear, "bethink you that I can make you quickly change your note. A score of blows with the flat of my sabre, and I shall get a little truth out of you."

Fortunato only laughed the more: "My father is Mateo Falconi," he said with emphasis.

"Do you not know, little trickster, that I can carry you away with me to Corte or Bastia, and have you placed in prison, with straw for your bed, and irons for your heels. That I can have you guillotined if you do not confess at once. Where is Gianetto Sampiero?"

The child seemed only annoyed by this menace, and repeated,

"My father is Mateo Falconi."

"Adjutant," whispered one of the Voltigeurs, "there is a bad day's work to give cause of quarrel to Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed by the increasing difficulty of his position. He spoke aside to the soldiers who had returned from an ineffectual search of the house, while Fortunato, who seemed to consider the affair at an end, amused himself by playing with the cat and kittens as they lay snuggly among the hay.

A soldier had approached the heap, and after looking at the cat gave at hazard a bayonet thrust into the hay, shrugging his shoulders as he did so, feeling his presumption ridiculous.

Nothing stirred, and in the face of the child there was not the slightest trace of emotion.

The Adjutant and his troops gave the boy a hearty curse or two, and after more whispering, seemed disposed to retrace their steps, and return to the town; when suddenly an idea occurred to their chief. Menaces it was clear would have no effect with the son of Mateo Falconi. There was still another plan to be tried.

"My dear Gamba, as you must have already perceived, I am unable to walk, you will therefore be under the necessity of carrying me back to the town."

"You bounded along like a goat not half an hour ago; but be satisfied, I am so pleased to have got you at last, that I would myself carry you on my back for a league, and never complain of the fatigue; however, we will make a comfortable litter of branches, which, with your mantle, will serve till we reach Cropped's farm, where we shall find horses."

"Thanks!" said the prisoner, "and I will request you to place an armful of straw upon the litter, that I may be more at my ease."

"It shall be done," answered Gamba, readily.

Then turning to the child, he cried, "Fortunato, you are young, bring him some straw."

The boy never moved, for he neither saw nor heard what was passing. He had only eyes and ears for his glittering treasure—the too dearly bought silver watch.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"FAIR ROSAMOND."—Fair Rosamond was the daughter of Lord Clifford, a young and beautiful woman, witty, and of a most sweet disposition and temper, having been a great favorite with the nuns at Godstow, to whom at that time was entrusted the education of the daughters of the nobility. King Henry II. saw her, became enamored of her, and induced her to quit the quiet of her retirement, and to take up her residence with him at the Labyrinth at Woodstock, where she became the mother of two sons, William Longwood, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of York. Everybody knows the story of the thread by which the Queen managed to trace her abode in the Labyrinth; but the romance of history dwindles away under historical research, and the general opinion now is, that she was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but died a natural death, and was buried at Godstow, where a chalice being placed on her tomb, gave rise to the story of her having taken "a cup of cold pain."

"True—but your uncle's son has one already

TRUST AND FAITH.

Care and grief may come to-day,
Clouds may gather thick and gray,
Shadows near us oft may stray.

Yet through gathering mist and gloom
Some sweet flowers for us may bloom,
Some bright rays our path illum.

Every human heart must bear
Through Life's pilgrimage a share
Of its trials and its care.

Better for us not to grieve
Through the mystic floating haze,
Which hides the swiftly coming days.

Better for us day by day,
As we watch the shadow play,
For trusting faith to humbly pray.

That our Barque may reach the Land,
May anchor on that golden strand,
Where waits a glorious angel band.

Where light will banish all the gloom
Which shrouds the portals of the tomb,
Where flowers unfading ever bloom.

HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS. PHILLIPS.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

Authors and artists have imposed some most ridiculously unnatural types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the old maid? Thanks to those envious caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a

THE IDYL OF A WESTERN WIFE.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

Straying here at dusk, I, a housewife merry,
Lean upon the fence, and listen through the gloom.
Watch the sunset fade from yonder gleaming ferry,
Harking with my heart for Joe's light whistle home.

All so quaintly built, brown and low our house is;
Naught but simple-hearted shepherd folk are we,
But we live content as our own moose rose.

The noisy world doth mind not Joe and me.

Rustic King and Queen of these rural riches;
Humming hives of bees, and many flocks and herds.

And a beautiful and fruitful orchard which is
Full of sweet, sweet clover grass and nests of birds.

By a silver, broad, lone and silent river,
Twixt the river and the mossy, ancient wood,
Is our rustic house, and the wood-fowl ever crieth all day through the peaceful neighborhood.

By the summer's fair, greenest-kirtled fairies
Is the woodbine's flowering, dark-leaved sculpture taft,

In a corner rare round our stoop, and there is
Love's own arbor seat and moon-paved promenade.

Over it do the tall, clambering morning-glories
Spill at morn their dainty cups of perfumed dew—

There walk Joe and I with our household stories—
I and Joe, good farmer Joe, when day is through.

Oh, how happy we're through the summer evening walking.

As the happy ones of ancient Arcady'

Oh, how happy we're—rustic married lovers talking.

The noisy world never heard of Joe and me.

Straying here at dusk, I, a housewife merry,
Lean upon the fence and listen through the gloom.
Watch the sunset fade through yonder gleaming ferry,
Harking with my heart for Joe's light whistle home.

CRACKING THE WHIP.

A SKATING STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.

"Go search the world o'er, if you will.
There's nought so fascinating
As when old *Boreas* storms and raves,
To go with girls a skating."

"Whither now, mad-cap Lizzie," said my Uncle Zeb, as he came into the long hall where I was trying on my skating shoes.

"Why, a skating, to be sure," I replied, "there is a perfect field of ice on the pond, and all the girls are going."

"And all the boys too, I dare say," interrupted Uncle Zeb. "Well, Lizzie, I suppose it is of no use for me to say anything against your going," and he gave a kind of half sigh as he looked at me, I thought somewhat sadly.

"And what objection can you have to my skating, uncle, pray tell? There's Uncle Bill's girls, and Sarah Dorman, and all the Western girls are going."

"Aye, without doubt; every girl and boy in town will be there, not excepting our tom-boy, Lizzie; but mind you don't skate into any of the air holes on the pond."

"I shall be very careful, uncle, depend upon it," I looked back, with my hand upon the door knob. Uncle Zeb was looking so sadly at me that I paused and asked what had so suddenly clouded his usually exuberant spirits.

"An incident of my boyish days," he replied.

"Something funny, Uncle Zeb?" I asked; "if this is, I'll stay in doors and hear it," and I threw off my sotag and mariposa and pulled him down into an easy chair, while I drew an ottoman by his side and sat down in the range of the glowing grate to listen.

"Ah, Lizzie, you take me by storm; may be some—"

"Nay, dear uncle," I replied, clapping my hands over his mouth to prevent hearing a refusal. "There is no 'may be' in the case; you must tell me all about it, if you don't, I'll go out and skate right into one of those awful air holes, and break Ned Allen's heart, and then I guess you'll be sorry."

"Well, Lizzie, when I was a very silly fellow, scarcely out of my teens, I fell in love with a very pretty schoolmate of mine, by the name of Lotty Crammer. You laugh, Lizzie, but I had a better excuse for my folly than most people who make choice of an *Eve*. She was very handsome, and sensible too. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, her high, broad forehead, and her jolly ringlets, her dancing black eyes, her rosy cheeks with their coquettish little dimples, and her little, soft, fair hand, which I—solved enough—got a chance to squeeze. Ah, girls have changed amazingly since those times!"

"Well, as I was saying, the love I felt for the pretty girl proved mutual, and we were silly enough to engage ourselves. Lotty was scarce sixteen, and I only twenty; in a word, we were nothing but foolish children, so what else could be expected of us. We exchanged rings, and the matter was to be kept a great secret between us, until we arrived at a suitable age, and I had amassed enough of the 'needful' to support a wife."

"I took very good care of my betrothed in the meantime, however, and when our gruff old schoolmaster found fault with her for deficient lessons, I used to mutter 'curse not loud but deep' behind my algebra."

"The favorite amusement of the boys, as well as girls, was sledding down the steep hill on which our diminutive school-house was perched. I was the envied owner of a sled quite as large, if not as showy, as our modern cutters, and in our long intermissions I used to

favor Lotty with many a ride, in preference to the other girls, which she took as her right, of course.

"One day, when the hill was in prime order for sleighing—a heavy snow having fallen a few days previous, which had ended in a little dash of rain and a keen nor'wester, thus rendering the surface as smooth as glass—I drew my sled to the top of the hill and took Lotty before me for a ride.

"At the foot of the hill ran a brook not deep but quite violent, and as the hill sloped gradually to the water's edge, it was necessary to strike the heavy heel of my boot deep into the crust which the rain had formed on the snow, to stop the sled as it neared the water.

"This I had done several times without accident; but once, venturing nearer the brink than usual, I found I could not readily break the crust.

"Whether it was that the surface was more impenetrable on the bank of the rivulet, or through fright at our disagreeable position, I know not; we were at the water's edge when I at last succeeded in staying my progress, but also! no sooner were my boots fixed in the snow than the sled shot from under me and Lotty with it, and the next instant both were plunged into the water, while I remained, to the no small amusement of the lookers-on, with my heels still fastened in the ice, incapable of rendering her the least assistance, or of extricating myself from my ludicrous position.

"Lotty crawled out of her plunge bath without help, about as angry as it is possible for a woman to be, and with dripping garments, started for her home, which was but a few rods distant, replying only with a look of scorn to my entreaties that she would wait till I had recovered my sled, and I would draw her home.

"I made several advances towards a reconciliation, but they were received so coldly by Lotty, who had not spoken to me since the unfortunate adventure, that I resolved to let her 'pout it out,' contenting myself with the old adage—the course of true love never did run smooth."

"Trusting to the next few days to bring things straight, I also assumed an indifferent air towards my betrothed.

"This mode of treatment had the desired effect, and we were soon better friends than before; but this reunion proved as short-lived as it was sweet.

"We were all going a skating on the very pond where you had proposed to go this morning—by all, I mean the boys; for in those days girls would as soon have been caught in pantaloons as skates, and such things as 'ladies' skating shoes' had never been heard of; so the girls did not participate in the exhilarating exercise—save now and then when some good-natured fellow like myself gave them leave to hold fast to his swallow-tail coat, and slide behind him as he skimmed over the glassy surface—but contented themselves with watching the sport from the bank.

"There is no fun in this, Zeb," said Joe Burnett, one of our best skaters; "we ought to get up something in which the girls can all join, instead of letting them stand on the bank freezing."

"Very well, Joe, what shall it be?" I asked.

"Crack the Whip!" is as good as anything," was his reply. "Now you stand here while I get the boys and girls all fixed in one long string, the first one taking hold of your coat-skirt, the second hold of his hand, and so on, all joining hands. Then when I give the word ready, you 'strike out,' and they will follow, sliding on the surface. Be sure that the first one has a firm hold of your coat, and after you get them all moving at pretty good speed, give a short turn, and that is 'cracking the whip.'"

"But I see no sport in that," I said.

"You will," replied Joe, "when you get fairly moving; it enables them all to 'strike out.'"

I looked down the long line formed on the ice, and near the end I discovered Lotty, her black curls waving in the wind. Determined to give her a good chance at sliding, I bade the one next me 'keep a good hold' and at the word *ready* from Joe, dashed off with all possible speed, the skaters stationed along in the line following my example. We were soon moving along with the velocity of a steam engine when I performed a 'right-angled triangle,' and then paused and looked for the scattered company. The *whip* was cracked, and so were crumpled; girls and boys were scattered about promiscuously on the ice—some thrown one way and some another, but not one save Joe and myself standing.

"In spite of every attempt, I could not resist joining Joe in the laugh at the ridiculous figure they presented, scrabbling about to gain their footing upon the ice. Soon singling out Lotty, who was one of the first to gain her feet, I approached. She stood with her back towards me, holding her handkerchief to her nose. I spoke, when I could cease laughing long enough to articulate, and as she turned to look at me, I saw her nose, before so thin and delicate, a regular aquiline, was quite flattened.

"This is too bad, Lotty," I said.

"Too bad," she repeated, with scorn.

"Yes, indeed! I had no idea you were going to fall."

"You knew what you were doing, and have scarcely done laughing yet."

"Really, Lotty, you are too severe. I never cracked the whip before—"

"And never will again with me," she interrupted.

"Here, take your ring; our engagement is at an end; through you, sir, I am disengaged for life!"

"It was in vain that I assured her I should like her just as well with a hump on her nose; for it had already commenced swelling frightfully, that I thought it an improvement, she would not listen or reply to it, but dropping the ring at my feet, she left me. I did not stoop to pick it up, but crushed it in the ice with the heel of my boot, and I, too, left the pond quite crest-fallen, and heartily wishing Joe Burnett at the bottom of the Mediterranean for teaching me to 'crack the whip.'"

"And have you never made up with her since?" I asked.

"Never, Lizzie; the next week she went with an aunt to Rochester, to spend some time; her father died in her absence, and she never returned; for, her mother, as soon as the estate

was settled, joined her there, and there they have remained, for ought I know, ever since."

"And that is why you have lived a bachelor?"

"Ah! uncle, I suppose you thought your heart was broken as well as Lotty's nose."

"I was disappointed for a time, to be sure, but when I came to my senses (for all lovers are brothers, ratipling neighborhood, a kick of pain eventually novel and new to have once stirred, monsters, scanned; starting and leaving, etc., but also,

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not very long ago used to cover up patients with heavy bed clothes, while they kept up large fires and shut the windows. Small-pox, of course, under this regime, is very "infection." People are somewhat wiser now in their management of this disease. They have ventured to cover the patients lightly and to keep the windows open; and we hear much less of the "infection" of small-pox than we used to do. But do people in our days act with more wisdom on the subject of "infection" in fevers—scarlet fever, measles, &c.—than their forefathers did with small-pox? Does not the popular idea of "infection" involve that people should take greater care of themselves than of the patient? that, for instance, it is safer not to be too much with the patient, not to attend too much to his wants? Perhaps the best illustrations of the utter absurdity of this view of duty in attending on "infection" diseases is afforded by what was very recently the practice, if it is not so even now, in some of the European lazarets—in which the plague-patient used to be condemned to the horrors of filth, overcrowding, and want of ventilation, while the medical attendant was ordered to examine the patient's tongue through an opera-glass and to toss him a lantern to open his abscesses with?

True nursing ignores infection, except to prevent it. Cleanliness and fresh air from open windows, with unremitting attention to the patient, are the only defence a true nurse either asks or needs.

Wise and humane management of the patient is the best safeguard against infection.

WHY MOST CHILDREN HAVE MEASLES, &c.

There are not a few popular opinions, in regard to which it is useful at times to ask a question or two. For example, it is commonly thought that children must have what are commonly called "children's epidemics," "current contagions," &c., in other words, that they are born to have measles, whooping-cough, perhaps even scarlet fever, just as they are born to cut their teeth, if they live.

Now do tell us, why must a child have measles?

Oh because, you say, we cannot keep it from infection—other children have measles—and it must take them—and it is safer that it should.

But why must other children have measles? And if they have, why must yours have them too?

If you believed in and observed the laws for preserving the health of houses which indicate cleanliness, ventilation, white washing, and other means, and which, by the way, are *laws*, as implicitly as you believe in the popular opinion, it is nothing more than an opinion, that your child must have children's epidemics, don't you think that upon the whole your child would be more likely to escape altogether?

III.—PETTY MANAGEMENT.

All the results of good nursing, as detailed in these notes, may be spoiled or utterly negatived by one defect, viz., in petty management, or in other words, by not knowing how to manage that what you do when you are there, shall be done when you are not there. The most devoted friend or nurse cannot be always there. Nor is it desirable that she should. And she may give up her health, all her other duties, and yet, for want of a little management, be not one half so efficient as another who is not one half so devoted, but who has this art of multiplying herself—that is to say, the patient of the first will not really be so well cared for, as the patient of the second.

It is as impossible in a book to teach a person in charge of sick how to manage, as it is to teach her how to nurse. Circumstances must vary with each different case. But it is possible to press upon her to think for herself. Now what does happen during my absence? I am obliged to be away on Tuesday. But fresh air, or punctuality is not less important to my patient on Tuesday than it was on Monday. Or at 10 P.M. I am never with my patient, but quiet is of no less consequence to him at 10 than it was at 5 minutes to 10.

Curious as it may seem, this very obvious consideration occurs comparatively to few, or, if it does occur, it is only to cause the devoted friend or nurse to be absent fewer hours or fewer minutes from her patient—not to arrange so as that no minute and no hour shall be for her patient without the essentials of her nursing.

A very few instances will be sufficient, not as precepts, but as illustrations.

A strange washerwoman, coming late at night for the "things" will burst in by mistake to the patient's sick room, after he has fallen into his first dose, giving him a shock, the effects of which are irretrievable, though he himself laughs at the cause, and probably never even mentions it. The nurse who is, and is quite right to be, at her supper, has not provided that the washerwoman shall not lose her way and go into the wrong room.

SICK ROOM AIRING THE WHOLE House.—The patient's room may always have the window open, but the passage outside the patient's room, though provided with several large windows, may never have one open. Because it is not understood that the charge of the sick-room extends to the charge of the passage. And thus, as often happens, the nurse makes it her business to turn the patient's room into a ventilating shaft for the foul air of the whole house.

An unhabited room, a newly painted room, an uncleaned closet or cupboard, may often become the reservoir of foul air for the whole house, because the person in charge never thinks of arranging that these places shall be always aired, always cleaned; she merely opens the window herself when she goes in."

DELIVERY AND NON-DELIVERY OF LETTERS AND MESSAGES.—An agitating letter or message may be delivered, or an important letter or message not delivered; a visitor whom it was of consequence to see, may be refused, or one whom it was of still more consequence to see may be admitted—because the person in charge has

* That excellent paper, the *Boulder*, mentions the lingering of the smell of paint for a month about a house as a proof of want of ventilation. Certainly—and, where there are ample windows to open, and these are never opened to get rid of the smell of paint, it is a proof of want of management in using the means of ventilation. Of course the smell will not remain for months. Why should it?

never asked herself this question. What is done when I am not there?"

At all events, one may safely say, a nurse cannot be with the patient, open the door, eat her meals, take a message, all at once and the same time. Nevertheless the person in charge never seems to look the impossibility in the face.

Add to this that the attempting this impossibility does more to increase the poor patient's hurry and nervousness than anything else.

I have never thought that the patient remembers these things if you do not. He has not only to think whether the visit or letter may arrive, but whether you will be in the way at the particular day and hour when it may arrive. So that your *partial* measures for "being in the way" yourself, only increase the necessity for his thought. Whereas, if you could but arrange that the thing should always be done whether you are there or not, he need never think at all about it.

For the above reasons, whatever a patient can do for himself, it is better, i.e. less anxiety, for him to do for himself, unless the person in charge has the spirit of management.

It is evidently much less exertion for a patient to answer a letter for himself by return of post, than to have four conversations, wait five days, have six anxieties before it is off his mind, before the person who has to answer it has done so.

Apprehension, uncertainty, waiting, expectation, fear of surprise, in a patient more harm than any exertion. Remember, he is face to face with his enemy all the time, internally wrestling with him, having long imaginary conversations with him. You are thinking of something else. "Did him of his adversary quickly," is a first rule with the sick!

For the same reasons, always tell a patient and tell him beforehand when you are going out and when you will be back, whether it is for a day, an hour, or ten minutes. You fancy perhaps that it is better for him if he does not find out your going at all, better for him if you do not make yourself "of too much importance" to him; or else you cannot bear to give him the pain of the anxiety of the temporary separation.

No such thing. You *ought* to go, we will suppose. Health or duty requires it. Then say so to the patient openly. If you go without his knowing it, and he finds it out, he will *feel* secure again that the things which depend upon you will be done when you are away, and in nine cases out of ten, he will be right.

You go out without telling him when you will be back, he can take no measures nor precautions as to the things which concern you both, or which you do for him.

THE CAUSE OF HALF THE ACCIDENTS.

If you look into the reports of trials or accidents, and especially of suicides, or into the medical history of fatal cases, it is almost incredible how often the whole thing turns upon something which has happened because "he," or still oftener "she," "was not there." But it is still more incredible how often, how almost always this is accepted as a sufficient reason, a justification; why, the very fact of the thing having happened is the proof of its not being a justification. The person in charge was quite right not to be "there," he was called away for quite sufficient reason, or he was away for a daily recurring and unavoidable cause; yet no provision was made to supply his absence. The fault was not in his "being away," but in there being no management to supplement his "being away." When the sun is under a total eclipse, or during his nightly absence, we light candles. But it would seem as if it did not occur to us that we must also supplement the person in charge of sick or of children, whether under an occasional eclipse or during a regular absence.

In institutions where many lives would be lost, and the effect of such want of management would be terrible and patent, there is less of it than in the private house!

* Why should you let your patient ever be surprised, except by thieves? I do not know. In England, people do not come down the chimney, or through the window, unless they are thieves. They come in by the door, and somebody must open the door to them. The "somebody" charged with opening the door is one of the two, three, or at most four persons. Why cannot, at most, four persons be put in charge as to what is to be done when there is a ring at the door bell?

The sentry at a post is changed much oftener than any servant at a private house or institution can possibly be. But what should we think of such an excuse as this: that the enemy had entered such a post because A and not B had been on guard? Yet I have constantly heard such an excuse made in the private house or institution, and accepted, viz., that such a person had been "left in or near" etc., and such a parcel had been wrongly delivered or lost because A and not B had opened the door!

* There are many physical operations where *causa pectoris* the danger is in a direct ratio to the time the operation lasts, and *causa pectoris* the operator's success will be in direct ratio to his quickness. Now there are many mental operations where exactly the same rule holds good with the sick, *causa pectoris* their capability of bearing such operations depends directly on the quickness, *without hurry*, with which they can be got through.

I So true is this, that I could mention two cases of women of very high position, both of whom died in the same way of the consequences of a surgical operation. And in both cases I was told by the highest authority that the fatal result would not have happened in a London hospital.

But, as far as regards the art of petty management in hospitals, all the military hospitals I know must be excluded. Upon my own experience I stand, and I solemnly declare that I have seen or known of fatal accidents, such as suicides in *dilection tremens*, bleedings to death, dying patients dragged out of bed by drunken Medical Staff Corpsmen, and many other things less patent and striking, which would not have happened in London civil hospitals nursed by women. The medical officers should be shamed from all blame in these accidents. How can a medical officer mount guard all day and all night over a patient (say) in *dilection tremens*? The fault lies in there being no organized system of attendants. Were a trustworthy man in charge of each ward, or set of wards, not as office clerk, but as head nurse, (and head nurse the best hospital sergeant, or ward master, is not now, and cannot be, from default of the proper regulations,) the thing would not, all probability, have happened. But were a trustworthy woman in charge of the

But in both, let whoever is in charge keep this simple question in her head (*not* how can I always do this right thing myself, but) how can I provide for this right thing to be always done?

Then, when anything wrong has actually happened in consequence of her absence, which absence we will suppose to have been quite right, let her question still be (*not*, how can I provide against any more of such absences?) which is neither possible nor desirable, but) how can I provide against anything wrong arising out of my absence?

How few men, or even women, understand either in great or in little things, what it is being "in charge"—I mean, know how to carry out a "charge." From the most calamitous down to the most trifling accidents, results are often traced (or rather not traced) to such want of someone "in charge" or of his knowing how to be "in charge." A short time ago the bursting of a funnel-easing on board the finest and strongest ship that ever was built, on her trial trip, destroying several lives and putting several hundreds in jeopardy—not from any unlocated flaw in her new and untried works—but from a tap being closed which ought not to have been closed from what every child knows would make the mother's tea kettle burst. And this simply because no one seemed to know what it is to be "in charge," or who was in charge. Nay more, the jury at the inquest actually altogether ignored the same and apparently considered the tap "in charge," for they gave as a verdict "accidental damage."

This is the meaning of the word, on a large scale. On a much smaller scale, it happened, a short time ago, that an insane person burned himself slowly and intentionally to death, while his doctor's charge and almost in her nurse's presence. Yet neither was considered "at all to blame." The very fact of the accident happening proves its own case. There is nothing more to be said. Either they did not know their business or they did not know how to perform it.

To be "in charge," is certainly not only to carry out the proper measures yourself but to see that every one else does so too; to see that no one either wilfully or ignorantly thwarts or prevents such measures. It is neither to do everything yourself nor to appoint a number of people to each duty, but to ensure that each does that duty to which he is appointed. This is the meaning which must be attached to the word by (above all) those "in charge" of sick, whether of numbers or of individuals, (and indeed I think it is with individual sick that it is least understood.) One sick person is often waited on by four with less prudence, and is really less cared for than ten who are waited on by one; or at least than forty who are waited on by four, and all for want of this one person "in charge."

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As an illustration of the condition of the shoe trade in Boston, at the present time, it is stated that women's shoes, of the styles for which the strikers demand thirty three cents simply for making, have been sold in a day and a half for twenty cents.

We regret to learn that a still greater change for the worse, has taken place in the health of Miss Florence Nightingale, than was even lately announced, when great fears were entertained. She has left Hampton for London in consequence.

Women never snatch your husbands' babies. Last Thursday, a gentleman on a train from Washington to New York, in company with his wife, had occasion to take from his pocket a piece of tobacco wrapped in paper, and instead of taking the weed, as she supposed, drew out a roll of bank bills, amounting to \$250, when his wife playfully snatched the same from her husband's hands and threw it out of the window. The gentleman returned on the next train in search of his lost treasure.

The Governor of Virginia has made a requisition on the Governor of this for the arrest of Owen Brown and Francis Merriam, alleged Harper's Ferry insurgents, who are supposed to be now residing in Ashland county, Ohio.

Denison declines issuing the warrants for their arrest, and has communicated his reasons to Government.

The bill tolling certain of the New York State railroads has passed the Legislature of that State.

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—The Legislative Committee on Courts of Justice have reported that it is inexpedient to take any action in reference to the compensation or reparation of Stevens and Hazlett. The House of Delegates have adopted resolutions adverse to the Southern Conference proposed by South Carolina, by a vote of 90 to 42.

BEAUTIFUL PLANT.—There is, it is said, in a collection of plants in Cambridge, Mass., one of the most remarkable and beautiful camellias ever produced. There are, on the same plant, various colored flowers, some nearly white, some white striped with crimson, and various other varieties. It is the first time such a combination of colors in the flowers of one camellia has ever been known.

The Indiana divorce law, tightening the comical yoke, and preventing divorces upon trifling causes, has been declared unconstitutional.

Cause—error in quoting title of old law.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.—Dr. L. G. Miller, inspector of liquors for Wayne county, Michigan, says that out of three hundred and eighty cases of whiskey inspected in and near Detroit, he found only two pure. He did not find a single drop of pure French brandy. Of one hundred and four samples of gin, he found but twenty genuine.

Out of thirty-two samples of Jamaica rum, he found but nine genuine. The Irish and Scotch whiskies were pure generally.

Of Port wine the genuine article is seldom sold.

PURCHASE OF THE "PAN HANDLE."—Resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature of this State, contemplating the purchase of that portion of Virginia known as the "Pan Handle." It empowers the Governor to appoint three commissioners, to meet a similar number to be appointed on behalf of Virginia, to negotiate such session. The Pennsylvania commissioners are to report the terms and conditions, if any are agreed to, to the next session of the Legislatures of the two States.

THE NEW ORLEANS BULLETIN says that a tannery firm there has been putting the numerous alligators which swim lazily about the bayous and swamps of Louisiana in the sun to a useful purpose. They have been making their hides into leather, and a capital article it is said to be. Quite a number of the citizens wear shoes made of it, and spoke of it in high terms.

CEMETRIES AT DENVER CITY.—A card, or pack of cards, that is not marked.

A child between the ages of seven and twenty-one that does not everywhere and always wear his belt and navy shooter.

A handsome woman over the age of thirteen summers that marshals less than ten or twenty beans.

A mountain man who has not ten or twelve "gutch claims" for sale, and which he "knows will not average over \$5 to the pan."

Mrs. Crockett, the widow of Col. Crockett, who fell at the Alamo, died lately in Texas.

AN ELECTRICAL MACHINE.—A machine has been constructed in Paris, by an American, so powerful that it readily evolves electric sparks fifteen inches long.

It charges an ordinary Leyden jar three times a minute, the discharge being as long as the detonation of a musket. An observer writes:—"When the distance between the poles had been decreased to a single inch, producing an apparently continual electric current, I touched a cigar to the flame, literally igniting it by lightning. The experiments were conducted by Prof. McCullough, of Columbia College, New York, and Mr. Fonscatt, of the Paris Observatory. It is probable that this machine, a triumph of American perfection in industry, will be purchased by the French government for the Polytechnic Institute."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PERIODICAL FOR OLD CHINESE.—Mite is right.

Saturday Post.

NEWS ITEMS.

TO BE KEPT FROM THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRISONERS.—An order has been issued, it is stated in an English paper, by the French Minister of War, forbidding soldiers in garrison at Paris, or any other town in France, from attending worship in parochial or conventional churches, and intimating that, for the future, provision would everywhere be made within barracks for the regular celebration of mass. The origin of this regulation is said to be the efforts of the political or personal sins of his father, over whom he has never exercised any control!"

THE CHICAGO ELECTRIC.—John Wentworth's (Republican) majority for Mayor, is upwards of 1,200 votes. The remainder of the Republican ticket is elected by about the same majority. The total vote was nearly 19,000.

CORRUPTION.—The Kentucky Senate rejected the bill prohibiting the marriage of consanguinity 11, nays 19.

THE last number of the *Sturgess* (Mich.) Republican gives the result of a chemical analysis of some of the articles of consumption sent to that city by "New Yorkers." In Cross & Blackwell's pickle, which bear the label "no sulphate of copper," he did not find this salt, but sulphate of iron instead. In sherry wine he discovered an immense quantity of salt. In green tea he found coppers. The gin was nothing but whiskey and essence of juniper. And in the best qualities of snuff, he found peroxide of iron and other chemicals to the extent of one-fifth of its bulk.

EARLY FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—The Savannah (Ga.) Republican, of the 27th ult., says that strawberries and asparagus have made their appearance in that market.

RECENT LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.—The fugitive Mrs. Gurney, who went off to

Wit and Humor.

APPLE FRITTERS.

It was a lovely night. The warm breeze floated by laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from nature's kitchen? The moon shone brightly as a bird's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvered and pure as a wedding cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said *clerc* Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were 'neath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then turning her large pale gray eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added in a disappointed tone, "they are baking apples if I mistake not."

"They are! they are!" cried *clerc* Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! thy remitted her of her home.

Some moments elapsed before Hortense could resume her wonted calmness. At length with an effort she said: "Forgive me, dear Eloise, I was silly, very silly; but whenever I see an apple, I always think of him."

"You must indeed have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! aye, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted, I remember we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced (crossway) a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit, before him, he breathed in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspousfuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, untempered by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted, for my heart was breaking."

"Dear Hortense," exclaimed Eloise, "ah how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," sighed the brave girl.—Then resuming her story, she said: "When the whole formed a smooth consistency of the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, and mixed it with the butter. I could not endure my agony any longer.—Alexis!" I cried, "beware how you trifl with me!"

"Proceed! you interest me greatly," remarked Eloise. "What was his answer?"

Hortense, with an effort, continued: "When the mixture was hot he put the apples in one at a time, turning them over with a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he turned towards me, his face glowing with passion."

"Nay, say not so!" interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion, had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl: "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes." Hortense, he whispered, "the apple fritters are now cooked. Let us, perhaps for the last time, eat together."

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless. Rising from the moss bank, she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if we remain here."

"And the fritters," inquired the gentle Eloise.

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